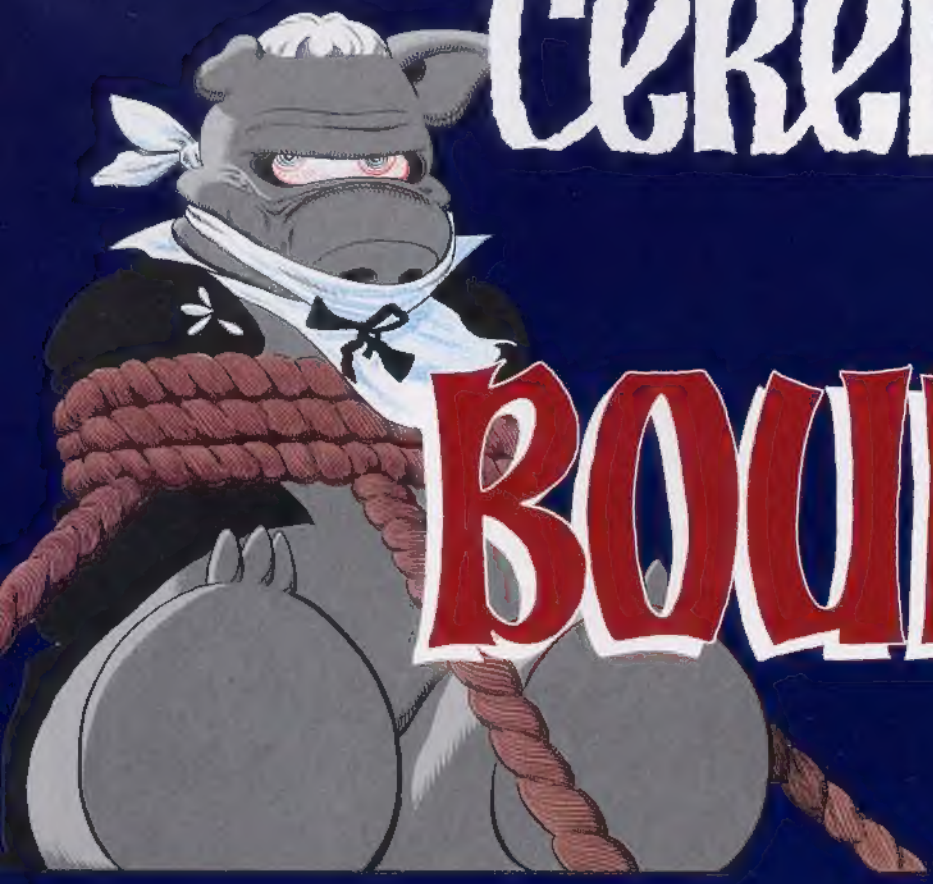
ISSN 0712-7774

CEREBUS LATTER DAYS 4

IF CEREBUS BE BOUND



269
AUG

JEW

Kind of shocking up there, all by its lonesome, isn't it? "JEW."

Of course it *shouldn't* be. A Jew is just a man descended from Judah, one of Israel (*nee* Jacob)'s twelve sons (one of the six sons he had by Leah) and, thus, one of the twelve tribes of the Nation of Israel. In *this* day and age, it more commonly refers to anyone of the Hebrew faith, *any* descendant of *any* one of the tribes—it is even used (mistakenly) to describe any native Israeli. So what's so shocking about the word...

...Jew?

What is shocking about it, I believe, is the extent to which it was made into a pejorative by Christians or (as I prefer to call them when they're behaving like that) the dirty goyim. Kind of like the word "Negro" which (I suspect) was eliminated from popular usage because there was no way for a Southerner of (say) Lyndon Johnson's generation to pronounce it that didn't make it *sound* like an insult. Even when Johnson very, very carefully enunciated "NEE-grow"—I mean it only made it worse. When he tried to say it casually, "nig-ruh". Well, let's just say "black," whattayasay, Mr. President? In the case of "Jew," I think it can be attributed to the word being synonymous for centuries in the minds—make that "minds"—of imbecilic Christians (of which there has been no shortage over the centuries) with "Christ-killer" and "Anti-Christ". At its most ludicrous extreme it led to Adolf Hitler's own lunatic extrapolation of Christianity: "God made a mistake when he made his Covenant with Abraham, God regrets it and it's up to me to exterminate God's mistake as a favor to God." In a very real way—to which Christians seem completely unwilling to admit—Adolf Hitler was not an *aberrational* Christian. Rather he was the culmination, the fruition and the incarnation of fundamental mainstream core Christian thinking—or rather "thinking"—on the subject of the Jews. Because of the Holocaust that "thinking" has been (thank God) *made* aberrational but it is the worst kind of revisionism not to recognize that anti-Semitism—prior to 1945—was the hard-and-fast Christian rule and not the exception that (so far as I can see) it is today.

Mordecai Richler's column for April 21 contained a wonderful anecdote about Lord Alfred Douglas (Oscar Wilde's own Bosie, not to be confused—not to be *completely* confused, anyway—with Ernest Hemingway's cat, Boisie) and a couplet he wrote late in his life: "*How odd of God/To choose the Jews.*" (A dirty goyim sentiment if ever there was one). To which someone (a Jew, I hope) evidently replied: "*Not odd of God/The goyim annoy 'im.*"

Before I found myself in my current (and, I hope, lifelong) circumstance of giving equal weight, devotion and attention to Judaism, Christianity and Islam, if I had had to choose between

Continued in back...

CEREBUS
NO. 269 AUGUST 2001

DAVE SIM
Creator, Writer
Characters/
pencil & ink,
mechanical tones,
lettering

GERHARD
Background
Artist/pencil & ink

CHRIS VERHOEVEN
Cover Technician

KEN SIM
Cover Photo

LATTER DAYS

•

PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 266
and 267)

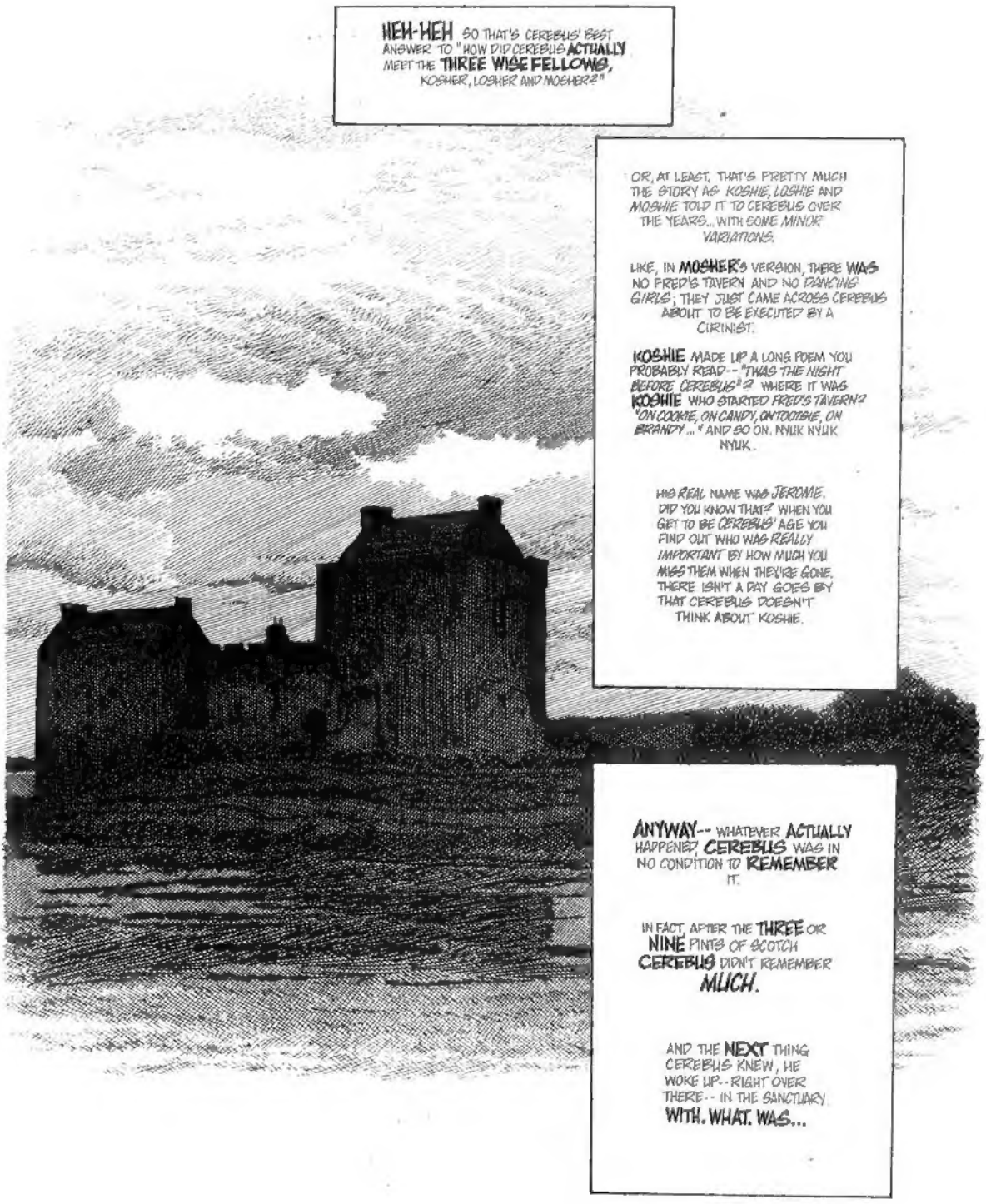
•

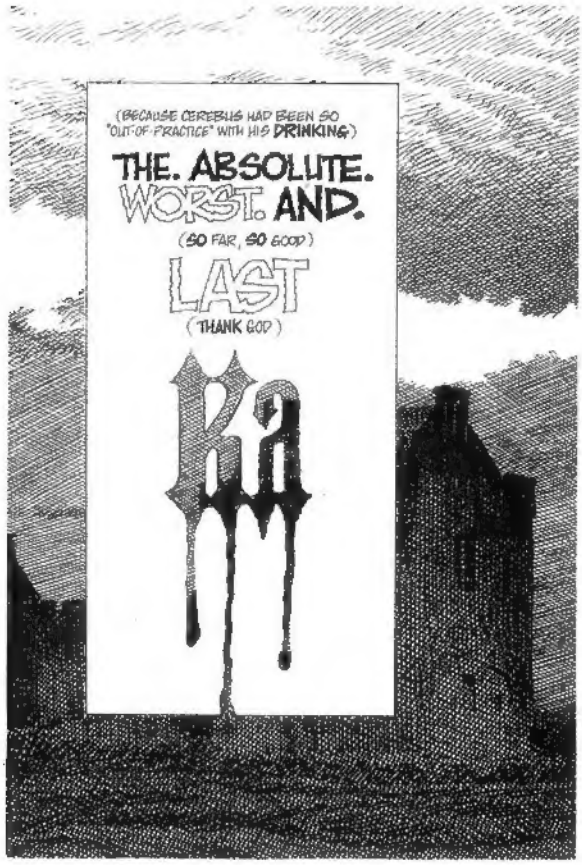
BOOK ONE
(Cerebus 268 to
288)

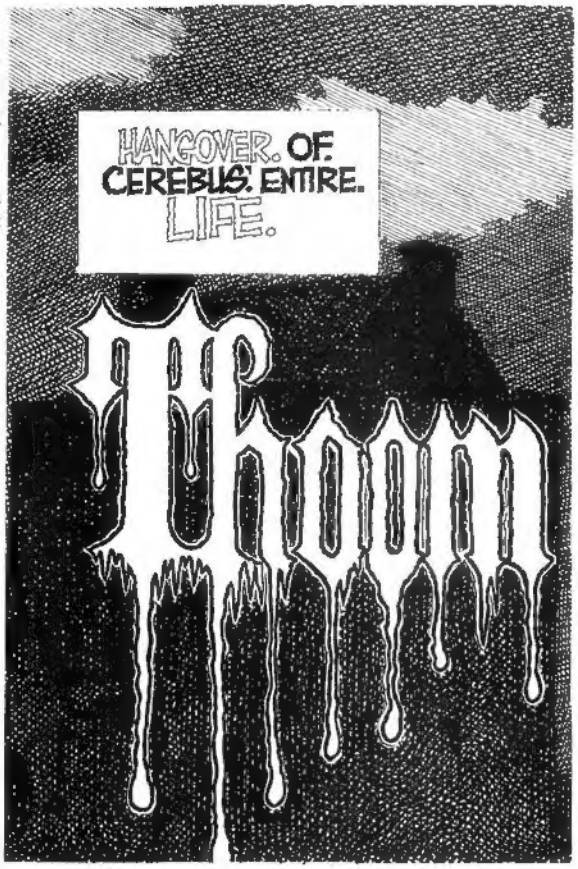
•

BOOK TWO
(Cerebus 289 to
300)

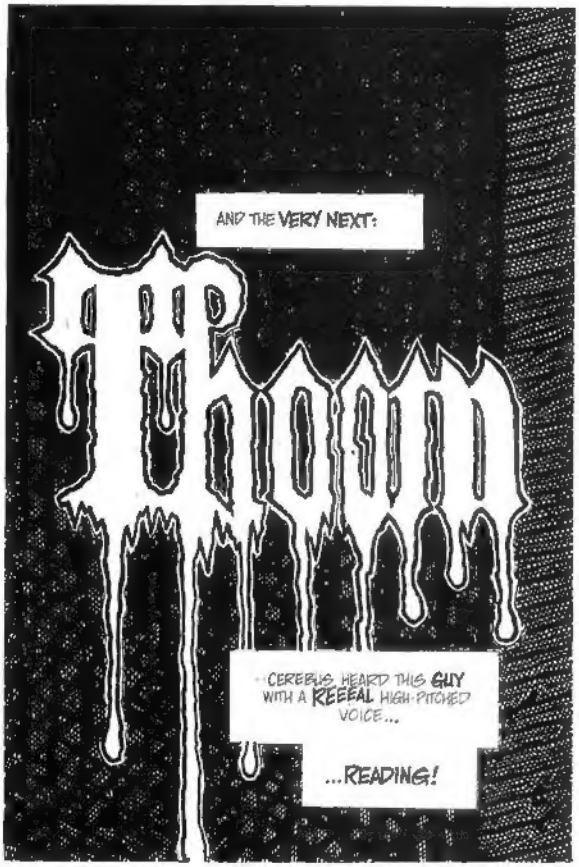
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
AARDVARK-VANAHEIM INC.
P.O. BOX 1674, STATION C
KITCHENER, ON N2G 4R2
ALL CONTENTS ©2001
DAVE SIM AND GERHARD
PRINTED IN CANADA BY
PRENEY PRINT & LITHO INC.
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

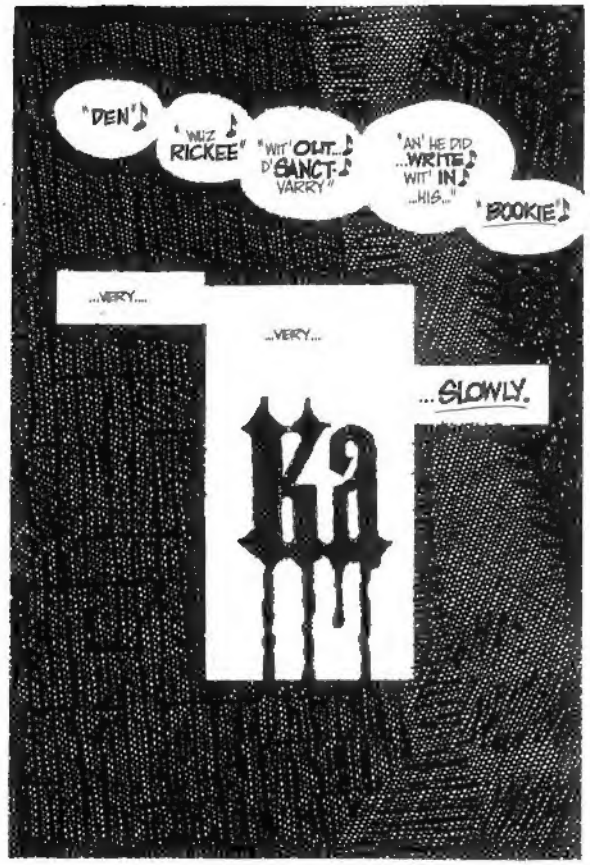

HEH-HEH SO THAT'S CEREBUS' BEST ANSWER TO "HOW DID CEREBUS ACTUALLY MEET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS, KOSHER, LOSHER AND MOSHER?"
OR, AT LEAST, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE STORY AS KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE TOLD IT TO CEREBUS OVER THE YEARS... WITH SOME MINOR VARIATIONS.
LIKE, IN MOSHER'S VERSION, THERE WAS NO FRED'S TAVERN AND NO DANCING GIRLS; THEY JUST CAME ACROSS CEREBUS ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED BY A CIRINIST.
KOSHIE MADE UP A LONG POEM YOU PROBABLY READ--"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CEREBUS"? WHERE IT WAS KOSHIE WHO STARTED FRED'S TAVERN? "ON COOKIE, ON CANDY, ON TOOTSIE, ON BRANDY..." AND SO ON. NYUK NYUK NYUK.
HIS REAL NAME WAS JEROME. DID YOU KNOW THAT? WHEN YOU GET TO BE CEREBUS' AGE YOU FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY IMPORTANT BY HOW MUCH YOU MISS THEM WHEN THEY'RE GONE. THERE ISN'T A DAY GOES BY THAT CEREBUS DOESN'T THINK ABOUT KOSHIE.
ANYWAY-- WHATEVER ACTUALLY HAPPENED, CEREBUS WAS IN NO CONDITION TO REMEMBER IT.
IN FACT, AFTER THE THREE OR NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH CEREBUS DIDN'T REMEMBER MUCH.
AND THE NEXT THING CEREBUS KNEW, HE WOKE UP--RIGHT OVER THERE-- IN THE SANCTUARY WITH. WHAT. WAS...

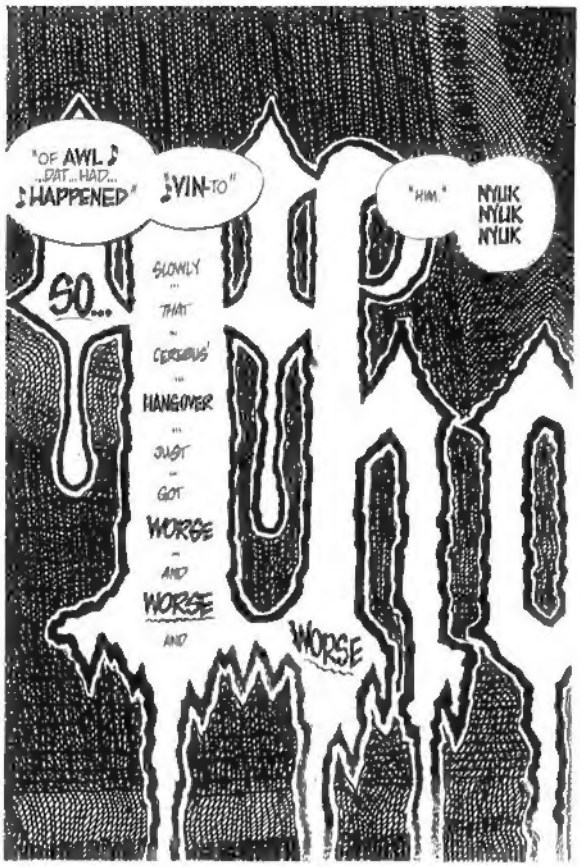

(BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN SO "OUT-OF-PRACTICE" WITH HIS DRINKING)
THE. ABSOLUTE. WORST. AND.
(SO FAR, SO GOOD)
LAST
(THANK GOD)
Ka

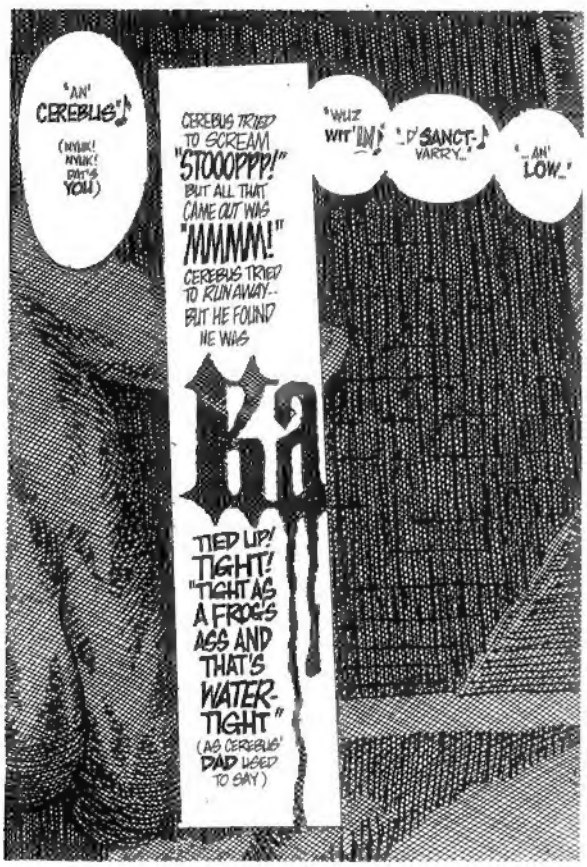

HANGOVER. OF. CEREBUS. ENTIRE. LIFE.
thoom

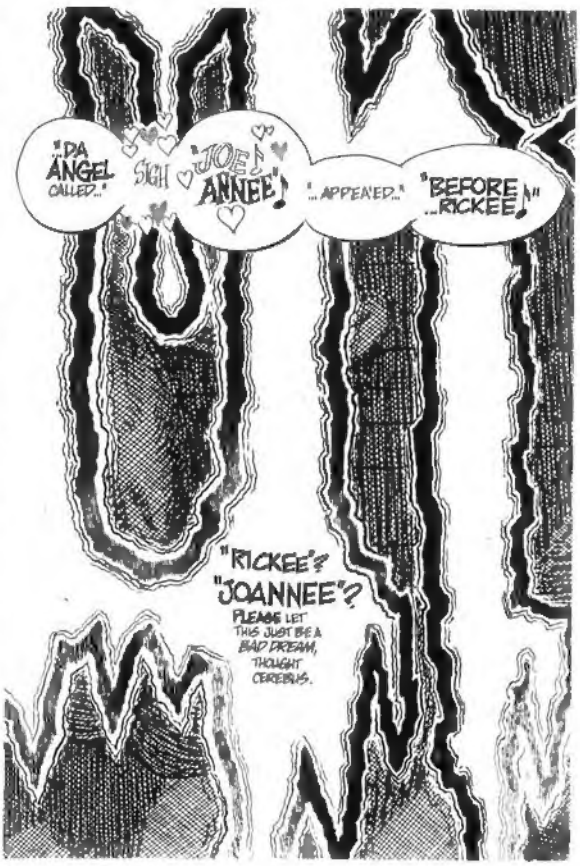
THEN--
RIGHT IN BETWEEN ONE:
Ka

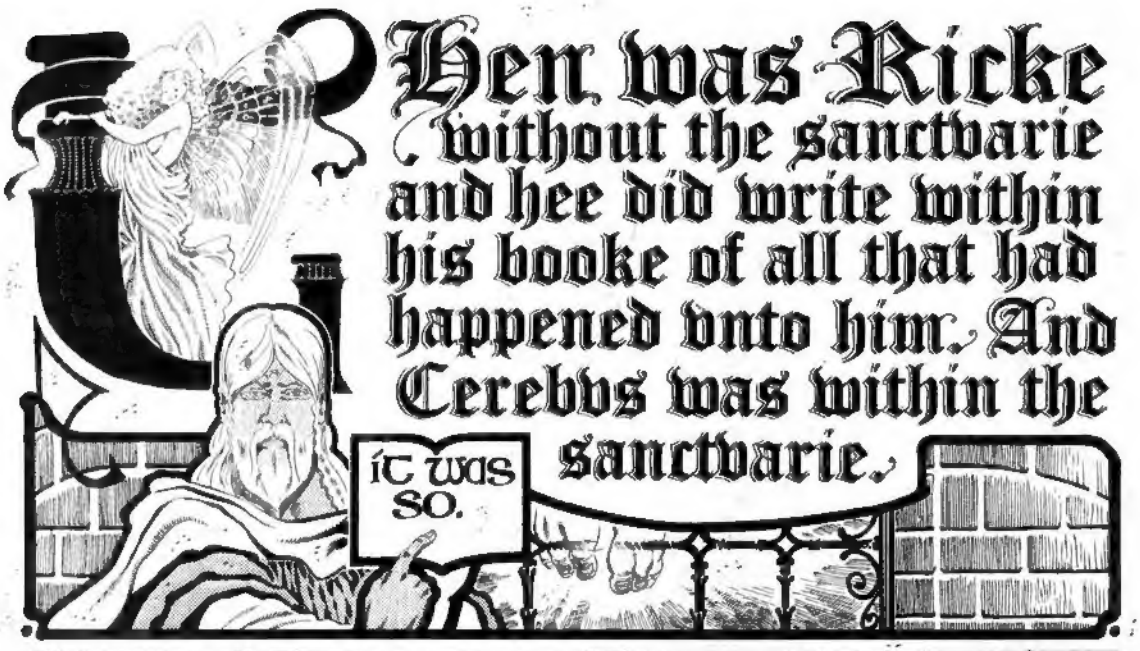

AND THE VERY NEXT:
thoom
CEREBUS HEARD THIS GUY WITH A REEEAL HIGH-PITCHED VOICE...
...READING!


"DEN"
'WUZ RICKEE"
"WIT' OUT... D'SANCT VARRY"
'AN' HE DID ...WRITE WIT' IN ...HIS..."
"BOOKIE"
...VERY...
...VERY...
...SLOWLY.
KA


"OF AWL ...DAT...HAD... HAPPENED"
VIN-TO"
"HIM."
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SO...
SLOWLY ... THAT ... CEREBUS' ... HANGOVER ... JUST ... GOT WORSE ... AND WORSE AND
WORSE


'AN' CEREBUS"
(NYUK! NYUK! DAT'S YOU!)
CEREBUS TRIED TO SCREAM "STOOOPPP!" BUT ALL THAT CAME OUT WAS "MMMM!"
CEREBUS TRIED TO RUN AWAY... BUT HE FOUND HE WAS
'WUZ WIT' IM
D'SANCT- VARRY...
...AN' LOW...
KA
TIED UP! TIGHT! "TIGHT AS A FROG'S ASS AND THAT'S WATER-TIGHT" (AS CEREBUS' DAD USED TO SAY)


"DA ANGEL CALLED..."
SIGH
"JOE ANNEE"
"...APPEAR'ED..."
"BEFORE ...RICKEE"
"RICKEE"?
"JOANNEE"?
PLEASE LET THIS JUST BE A BAD DREAM, THOUGHT CEREBUS.


Hen was Ricke without the sanctvarie and hee did write within his booke of all that had happened vnto him. And Cerebvs was within the sanctvarie.
IT WAS SO.

/2/ And, lo, the Angel called Joanne appeared before Ricke, hauing the forme of a woman with great melons.

/3/ And Joanne spake vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke that shee was not Diuine Radiance. And Ricke saw that it was so.

/4/ And Joanne spake further vnto Ricke and confessing vnto him that the mother of Joanne had not been taken with the feuer. And Ricke saw that it was so.

/5/ (Howsobeit Joanne spake not of her grandmother taken with the ringworme or her vncle taken with the gout)

/6/ And Joanne spake still further vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke and saying I am Joanne onely (by interpretation, a woman hauing great melons).

/7/ And then did Joanne speak a parable vnto Ricke of a deuill which had seized vpon her and vpon her great melons and which had rent her garment and how she had fled from that deuill.

/8/ And Ricke saw as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that Joanne herselfe was that deuill and that she had seized vpon herselfe onely.

/9/ And tho Joanne tried to persuade Ricke that shee had fled from the deuill Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that it was not so.

/10/ And tho Joanne spake sweetly vnto Ricke with a voice like vnto that of an Angel, Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the seat of Truth that Joanne was neither Diuine Radiance nor an Angel but Joanne onely.

/11/ And Ricke knew in his heart that he must say vnto Joanne Goe On and Beat it and Scramme. Howsoeuer before that Ricke could speak Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto Joanne

/12/ Joanne kissed Ricke. And then did Joanne depart from Ricke for a season.

/13/ And Ricke returned vnto the sanctvuarie and confessed vnto Cerebvs all that had transpired between Ricke and Joanne.

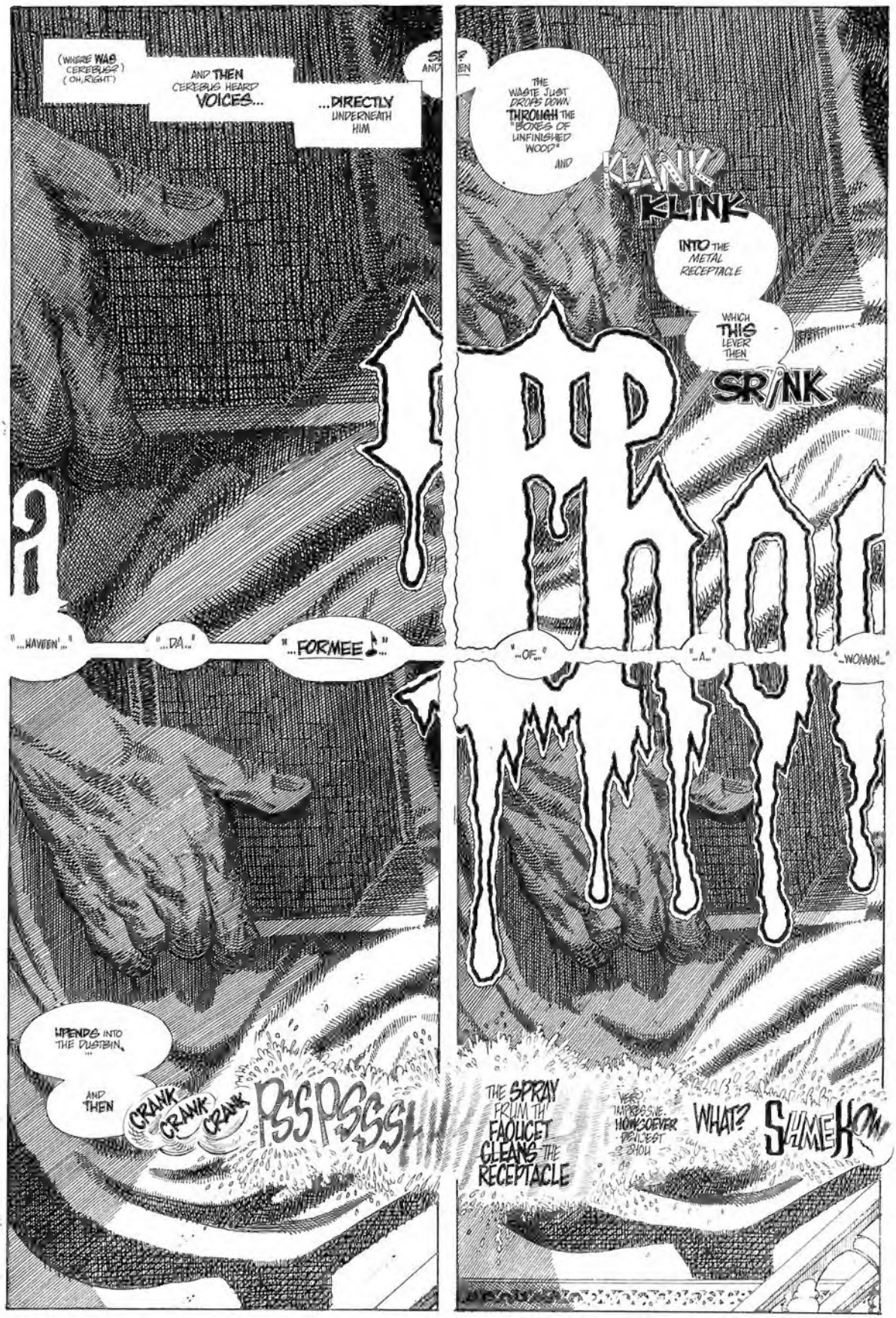
SEE THIS?

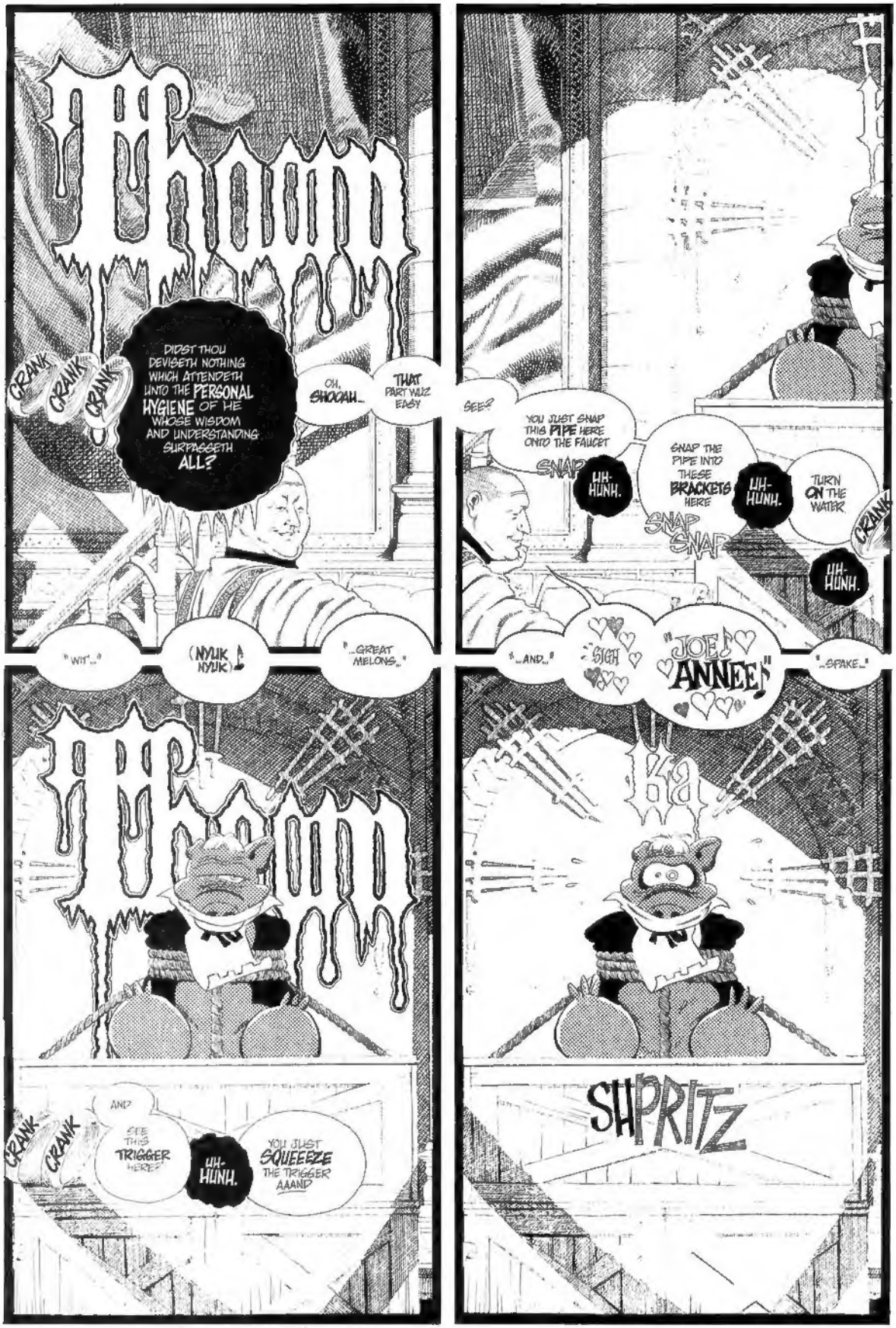
THIS WAS KOSHIE'S ACTUAL COPY OF THE "BOOK of RICK"

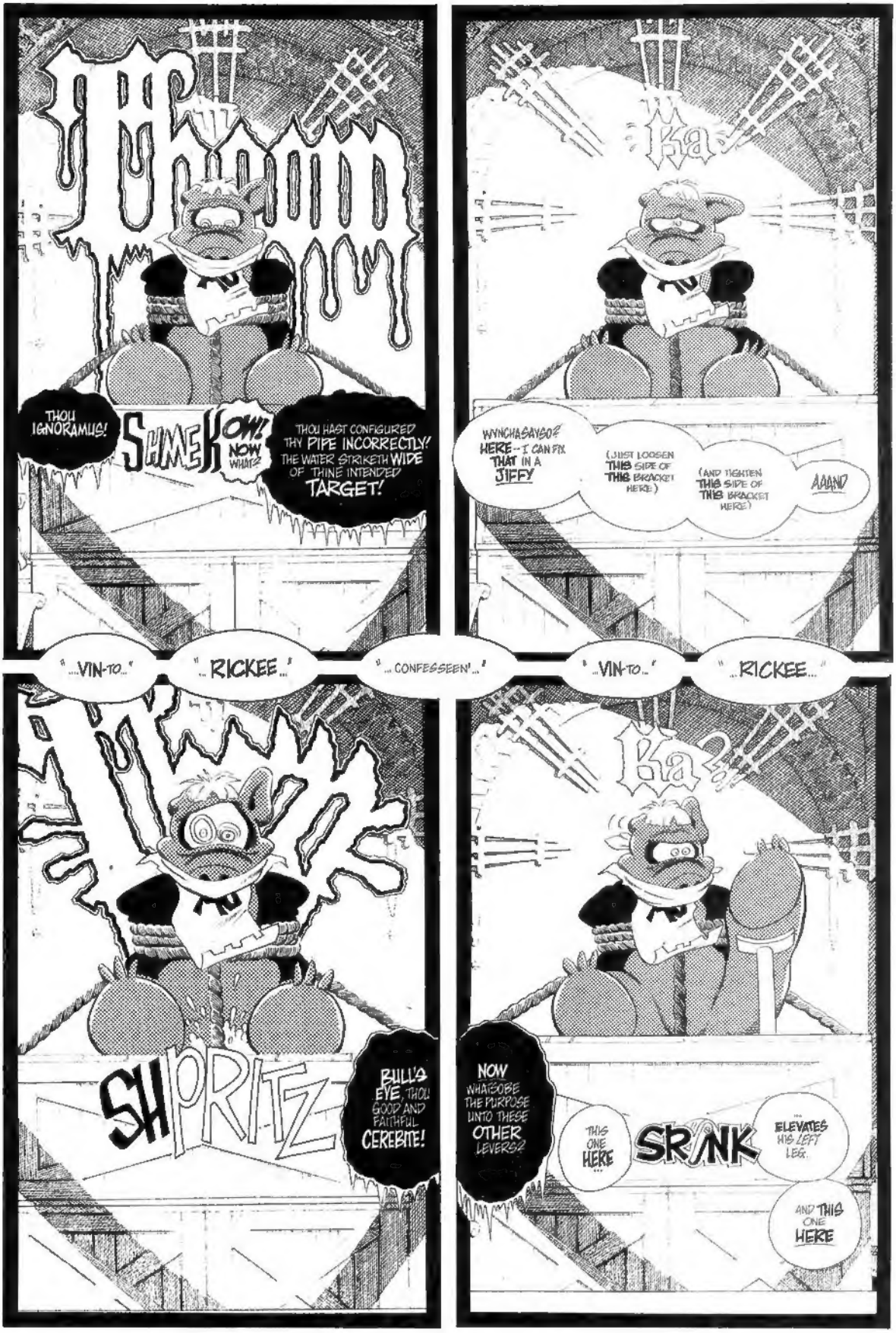
KOSHIE LETTERED EVERY WORD AND DREW EVERY PICTURE BY HAND

CHAPTER SEVEN.

THIS PAGE RIGHT HERE IS THE ONE HE WAS READING FROM WHEN CEREBUS "CAME TO"

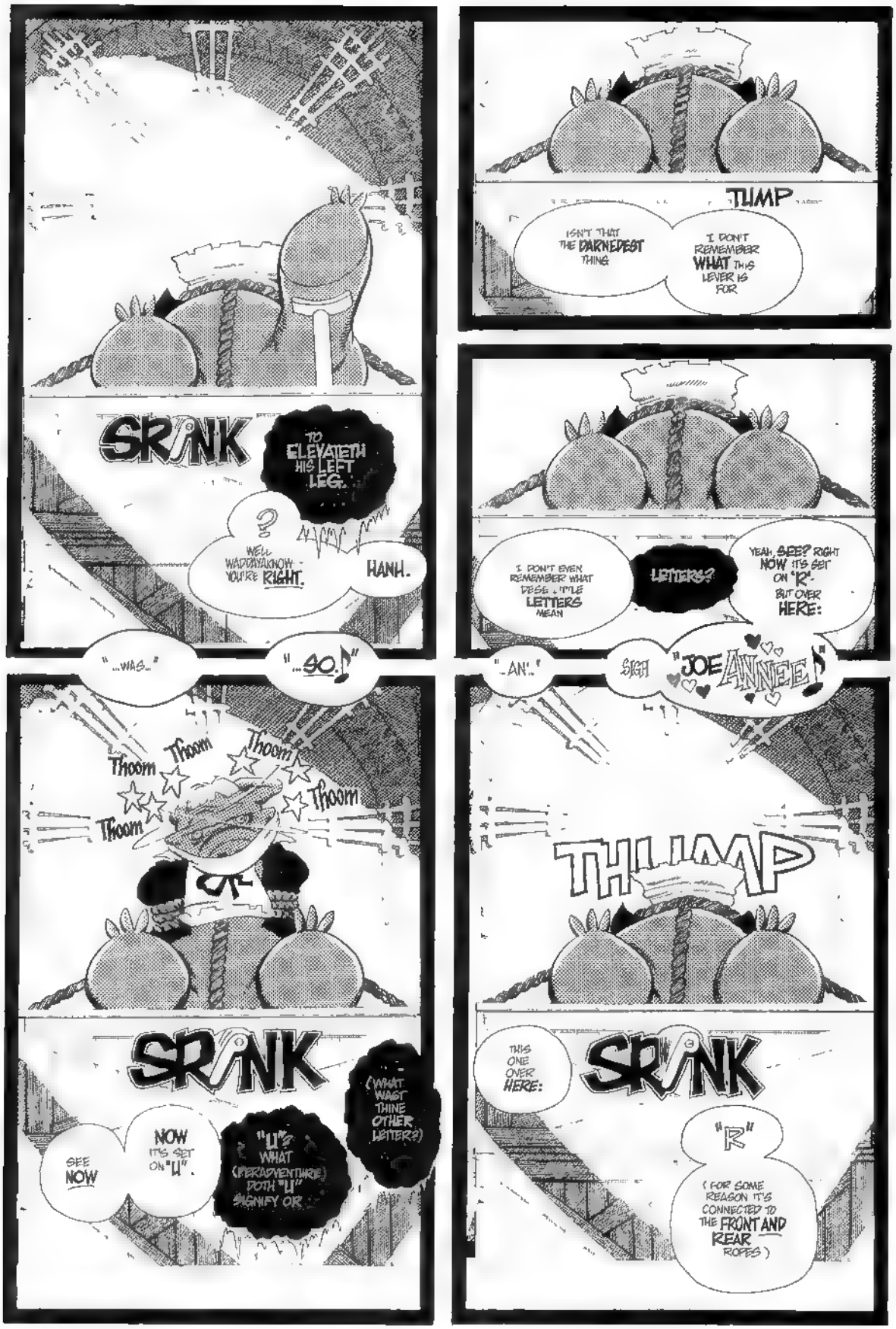

(WHERE WAS CEREBUS?) (OH, RIGHT)
AND THEN CEREBUS HEARD VOICES...
...DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH HIM
"...HAVDEN'..."
"...DA..."
"...FORMEE..."
THE WASTE JUST DROPS DOWN THROUGH THE "BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD" AND
KLANK KLINK
INTO THE METAL RECEPTACLE
WHICH THIS LEVER THEN
SR/NK
"...OF..."
"...A..."
"...WOMAN..."
UPENDS INTO THE DUSTBIN.
AND THEN
CRANK CRANK CRANK
PSSPSSSH
THE SPRAY FRUM TH' FAUCET CLEANS THE RECEPTACLE
WHAT?
SHMEK

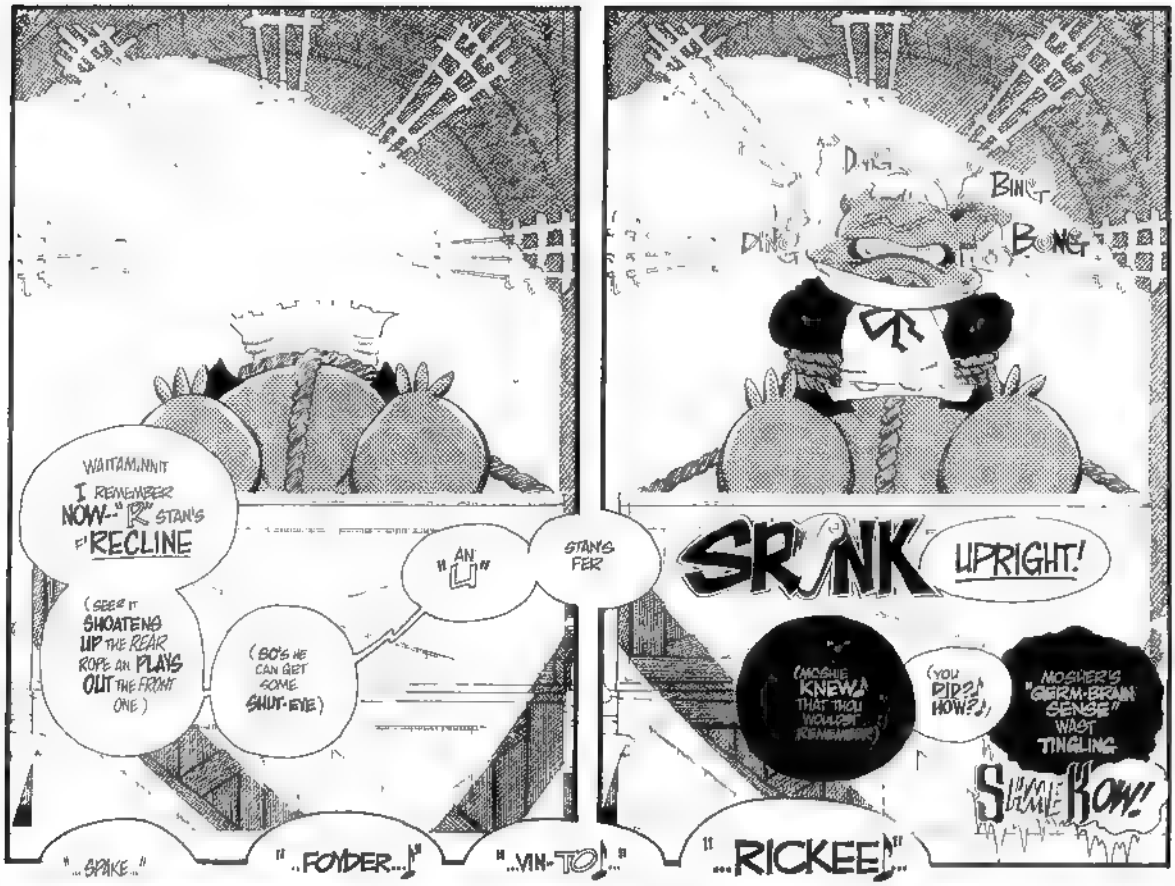

Phoom
CRANK
CRANK
CRANK
DIDST THOU DEVISETH NOTHING WHICH ATTENDETH UNTO THE PERSONAL HYGIENE OF HE WHOSE WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING SURPASSETH ALL?
OH, SHOOAH..
THAT PART WUZ EASY
SEE?
YOU JUST SNAP THIS PIPE HERE ONTO THE FAUCET
SNAP
UH-HUNH.
SNAP THE PIPE INTO THESE BRACKETS HERE
SNAP SNAP
UH-HUNH.
TURN ON THE WATER
CRANK
UH-HUNH.
"WIT.."
(NYUK NYUK)
"..GREAT MELONS.."
"..AND.."
SIGH
"JOE! ANNEE!"
"..SPAKE.."
Phoom
CRANK
CRANK
AND?
SEE THIS TRIGGER HERE?
UH-HUNH.
YOU JUST SQUEEEZE THE TRIGGER AAAND
Ka
SHPRITZ


THOU IGNORAMUS!
SHMEKOW!
NOW WHATZ
THOU HAST CONFIGURED THY PIPE INCORRECTLY! THE WATER STRIKETH WIDE OF THINE INTENDED TARGET!
Ka
WYNCHASAYSO? HERE--I CAN FIX THAT IN A JIFFY
(JUST LOOSEN THIS SIDE OF THIS BRACKET HERE)
(AND TIGHTEN THIS SIDE OF THIS BRACKET HERE)
AAAND
"...VIN-TO..."
"...RICKEE..."
"...CONFESSEEN'..."
"...VIN-TO..."
"...RICKEE..."
SHPRITZ
BULL'S EYE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL CEREBITE!
Ka?
NOW WHATSOBE THE PURPOSE UNTO THESE OTHER LEVERS?
THIS ONE HERE...
SRANK
...ELEVATES HIS LEFT LEG.
AND THIS ONE HERE

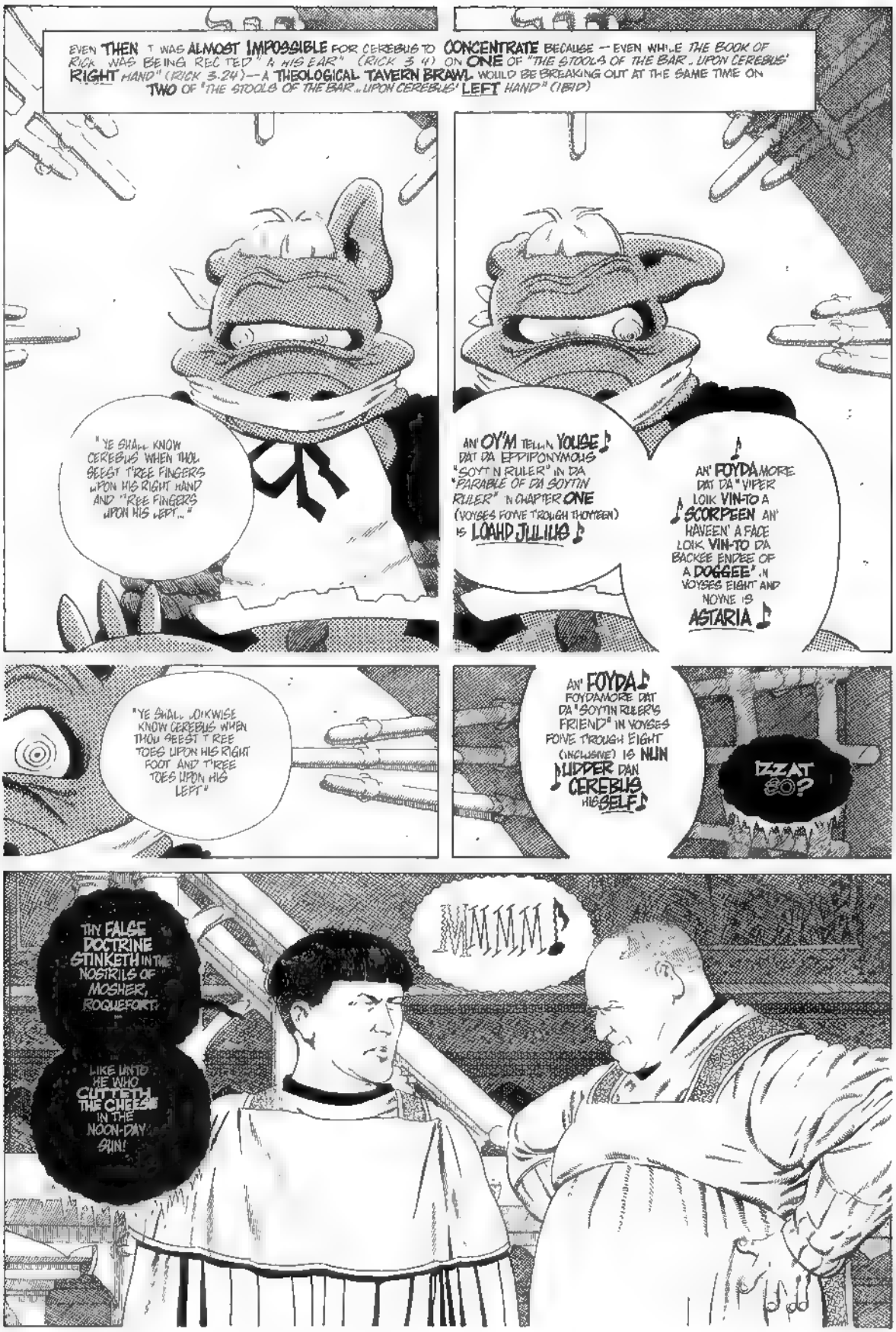
TLUMP
SRANK
ELEVATES HIS RIGHT LEG
UH HUH
GEEZ SO YOU TAKE THIS LEVER IN YOAH RIGHT HAND AND THIS LEVER IN YOAH LEFT HAND
"..DAT.."
"..SHE.."
"..WILZ NOT.."
Ba
AND THEN
YOU GO LIKE
"..DEE-VOINE!"
"..RADIANCE.."
SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK SRANK
THIS!
TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP!
TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP! TLUMP!
TLOOM
GEEZ THAT WAY BOTH LEGS GET A GOOD WOIK-OUT T'KEEP THE MUSCLES FRUM ATROPHYING...
ATROPHYING (THOU ILLITERIST)
AT'S WHAT I SAID: ATROPHYING

AND WHAT OF THY MAINTENANCE OF THE SACRED SACROILIAC AND THE HOLY HINDQUARTERS?
OH! THAT'S THIS LEVER RIGHT HERE...
SEE?
SRANK
"AN..."
"...RICKEE♪"...
"SAW..."
"...DAT..."
"...IT"
THUMP
THUMP
OUCH! THAT LEVER IS REALLY A "TWO-WISE-FELLOW" LEVER
AND WHATSOBE THE PURPOSE UNTO THIS LEVER?
SRANK
THUMP
I AWREADY TOLDJA
THAT ONE ELEVATES HIS LEFT LEG
SLOWLY
AFORETIMES THOU SAYEST THAT IT WAST THE PURPOSE UNTO THIS LEVER


SRANK
TO ELEVATETH HIS LEFT LEG.
?
WELL WADDYAKNOW - YOU'RE RIGHT.
HANH.
"...WAS..."
"...SO."
THUMP
ISN'T THAT THE DARNEDEST THING
I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT THIS LEVER IS FOR
I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT DESE LITTLE LETTERS MEAN
LETTERS?
YEAH, SEE? RIGHT NOW IT'S SET ON "R" BUT OVER HERE:
"...AN'..."
SIGH
"JOE ANNEE"
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
SRANK
SEE NOW
NOW IT'S SET ON "L"
"L"? WHAT (PERADVENTURE) DOTH "L" SIGNIFY OR
(WHAT WAST THINE OTHER LETTERS?)
THUMP
THIS ONE OVER HERE:
SRANK
"R"
(FOR SOME REASON IT'S CONNECTED TO THE FRONT AND REAR ROPES)


WAITAMINNIT I REMEMBER NOW--"R" STAN'S FER RECLINE
(SEE IT SHOATENS UP THE REAR ROPE AN PLAYS OUT THE FRONT ONE)
(BO'S HE CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE)
"AN" "L"
STANS FER
"..SPAKE.."
"..FOYDER..!"
"...VIN-TO!.."
DING
BING
BONG
SRINK
UPRIGHT!
(MOSHIE KNEW! THAT THOU WOULDST REMEMBER)
(YOU DID?! HOW?!)
MOSHER'S "GERM-BRAIN SENSE" WAST TINGLING
SLAMKOW!
"...RICKEE!"

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER (AFTER LOSHIE REMEMBERED THAT THE "RECLINE" LEVER WAS SUPPOSED TO EEEASE BACK IN THREE EQUAL STEPS) (AND AFTER THE SWELLING ON THE BACK OF CEREBUS' HEAD WENT DOWN)
(AND AFTER KOSHIE FINALLY FINISHED HIS TURN READING ALOUD FROM THE BOOK OF RICK) (OR THE BOOKIE OF RICKEE AS KOSHIE ALWAYS CALLED IT) (OR THAT IS, WHAT HE CALLED IT WHEN MOSHER WASN'T LISTENING) (NYUK NYUK NYUK)
WHEN IT WAS LOSHIE'S TURN AND HE WAS ACTUALLY READING FAST ENOUGH SO THAT CEREBUS COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT THE WORDS MEANT...
"THOU THREE WISE FELLAS, WHO SHALL SOLVE CEREBUS IN DA LATTER DAYS WHEN IT COME TO PASS DAT DA PROPHET RICK HATH DEPARTED FRUM DIS OITH..."
...WELL.


EVEN THEN T WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR CEREBUS TO CONCENTRATE BECAUSE — EVEN WHILE THE BOOK OF RICK WAS BEING RECTED " A HIS EAR" (RICK 3.4) ON ONE OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR .. UPON CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND" (RICK 3.24) — A THEOLOGICAL TAVERN BRAWL WOULD BE BREAKING OUT AT THE SAME TIME ON TWO OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR .. UPON CEREBUS' LEFT HAND" (IBID)
"YE SHALL KNOW CEREBUS WHEN THOU SEEST T'REE FINGERS UPON HIS RIGHT HAND AND "REE FINGERS UPON HIS LEFT .."
AN' OY'M TELLIN YOUSE ♪ DAT DA EPIPHONYMOUS "SOYT N RULER" IN DA "PARABLE OF DA SOYTIN RULER" IN CHAPTER ONE (VOYSES FOYVE TROUGH THOMTEEN) IS LOAHD JULLIUS ♪
♪ AN' FOYDA MORE DAT DA "VIPER LOIK VIN-TO A SCORPEEN AN' HAVEEN' A FACE LOIK VIN-TO DA BACKEE ENDEE OF A DOGGEE" IN VOYSES EIGHT AND NOYNE IS ASTARIA ♪
"YE SHALL JOIKWISE KNOW CEREBUS WHEN THOU SEEST T'REE TOES UPON HIS RIGHT FOOT AND T'REE TOES UPON HIS LEFT"
AN' FOYDA ♪ FOYDAMORE DAT DA "SOYTIN RULER'S FRIEND" IN VOYSES FOYVE TROUGH EIGHT (INCLUSIVE) IS NUN ♪ LUDDER DAN CEREBUS HISSELF ♪
IZZAT SO?
THY FALSE DOCTRINE STINKETH IN THE NOSTRILS OF MOSHER, ROQUEFORT!
LIKE UNTO HE WHO CUTTETH THE CHEESE IN THE NOON-DAY SUN!
MMM!

WHENSOEVER WAST IT SAID OF ASTARIA THAT SHE HAD
(AS THE PARABLE BOTH DECLARE IN VERSE NINE)
"GREAT MELONS"?
(F.F.N.)
"A FINGER FOR EACH WISE FELLA.."
VERILY, EBOLA BRAIN
THOU HAST MELONS GREATER THAN ASTARIA.
"..AND FOR EACH WISE FEL..A A TOE."
FLATTERER.
TIDDLE

"WHEN THOU HAST DISSOYNED DAT HE WHOM THOU HAST FOUND IS OF A SURETY DA ONE CEREBUS."
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMAK
OH-OH
OH, OH! I T'INK YOU BROKE MY DOZE
CEASE THY HERESY LEST MOSHE'R RENDER UNTO THEE A JAW THAT MATCHETH IT.
"BOIND HIM WIT' STRONG COAHDS AN' BEAR HIM UNTO DA SANCTOOARY WHICH THOU HAST BUILT"
(CHAPTER THIRTEEN, VERSE THREE) (THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS RECOGNIZED THAT HE WASN'T STUCK IN A BAD DREAM.)
HEY! DAT'S ECCLESIASTICAL DURESS
SLIMER
OW
WHAT ABAUT IT?
WUTTIN I JUST HAVE T' BE AWL DURESSED UP WIT' NO PLACE TO GO.
NYUK NYUK NYUK
"BOIND HIM UNTO HIS PLACE BEHOIND DA BAR AN' RESOYTE IN HIS EAR DA WOIDS OF DIS BOOK FROM DA FOIST WOID EVEN UNTO DA LAST."
(CHAPTER THIRTEEN, VERSE FOUR) (THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS RECOGN ZED THAT IT WAS MUCH WOYCE EH WORSE THAN A BAD DREAM)
CEREBUS WAS STUCK IN CHAPTER THIRTEEN!

Chapter Thirteen

AH, YES. CHAPTER THIRTEEN. SEES THIS WAS LOSHIE'S COPY OF THE BOOK OF RICK
AGAIN:
EVERY WORD HAND-LETTERED AND EVERY ILLUSTRATION HAND PAINTED BY KOSHIE.
(IT'S A VERY GOOD LIKENESS)
(OF TWO OF THE THREE WISE FELLOWS)
(NYUK NYUK NYUK)

THou Three Wise Fellowes who shall serue Cerebvs in the latter daies when it come to passe that the Prophet Ricke hath departed from this earth:

2·Ye shall knowe Cerebvs when thou seest three fingers vpon his righte hande and three fingers vpon his left. Ye shal likewise knowe Cerebvs when thou seest three toes vpon his right foot and three toes vpon his left. A finger for each wise fellowe and for each wise fellowe a toe.

3·When thou hast discerned that he whom thou hast found is of a surety the One Cerebvs then bind him with strong cords and bear him vnto the sanctvarie which thou hast built..

4·Bind him vnto his place behinde the barre and recite in his care the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

5·And when thou hast made an ende of reciting inqvire of him saying:

6·Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Ricke?

7·Then vnbinde his mouth. And if he speake vnto thee that worde of truth

8·Then hearken ye vnto him and doe as he commaundeth thee.

9·Howsobeit if hee speake not the worde of truth but is instead taken by his Daemon Selfe then binde his mouth and recite vnto him again the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

10·And bee ye diligent in this. Forsake not a worde lest that same worde forsake thee in the latter daies. Recite ye vnto Cerebvs each in thy turne from the first davning of the daie euen vnto the setting of the sunne inqviring of him each time that thou has made an ende

11·Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Ricke?

12·Feede Cerebvs of thy bountie good victuals and healthie (and a litle wine for his stomaches sake) keeping him bound vntil hee speake vnto thee that worde of truth that al might be fulfilled according to the worde of Ricke which is come vnto thee.

13·And when it come to passe that Cerebvs hath spoken vnto thee that worde which shalbe to all men and in the which all men should be commaunded in bringing an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill and the üiper and the scorpion

14·By that worde shal Cerebvs unbind himselfe and unbind the spirit of all men who followe in the worde of Ricke and the worde of Cerebvs.

15·Then shalt thou execute iudgement in ridding the earth of deuills and uipers and scorpions saue those who might be women and those who might be Angels

16·That ye might lie with the great melons (and with the women and the Angels also).

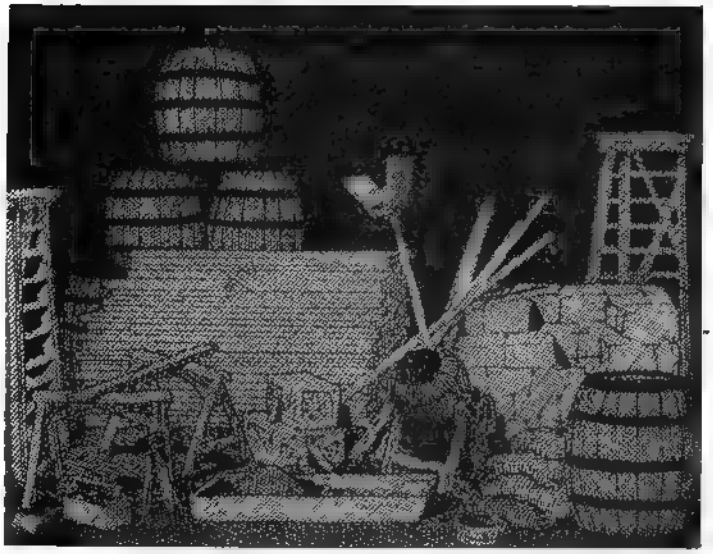
17·Then build ye up houses and stronge holdes and sanctvaries for Cerebvs for thy selues and for all men (wherein they might abide with their women and their Angels also).

18·That thou and thy sonnes and thy sonnes sonnes might do that which is right in all the earth being alvaies true men againste the daie when the worde shall returne vnto thee once more. Amen.

WITH THE WAY EVERYTHING EVENTUALLY TURNED OUT, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHAT CEREBUS WENT THROUGH ..AT THE TIME.

"AH, YES... CHAPTER THIRTEEN." BUT.. AT THE TIME CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW FROM CHAPTER THIRTEEN'

ALL CEREBUS "KNEW" WAS THAT (SOMEHOW) THESE THREE ...CRAZY GUYS... HAD GOTTEN AHOLD OF RICK'S OLD NOTEBOOK'



=AHEM=

OF COURSE AS IT TURNED OUT THEY WEREN'T CRAZY AT ALL... AND NEITHER WAS RICK... BUT (AS FAR AS CEREBUS KNEW) THE TAVERN WAS JUST A TAVERN. CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA - AT THE TIME -- WHAT RICK HAD BEEN WRITING IN HIS NOTEBOOK OR WHO JOANNE WAS OR WHO RICK WAS OR WHO CEREBUS WAS - WHO WE ALL REALLY WERE (THAT IS) RICK WAS THE ONLY ONE - AT THE TIME -- WHO KNEW ALL THAT (PEOPLE FORGET THAT)

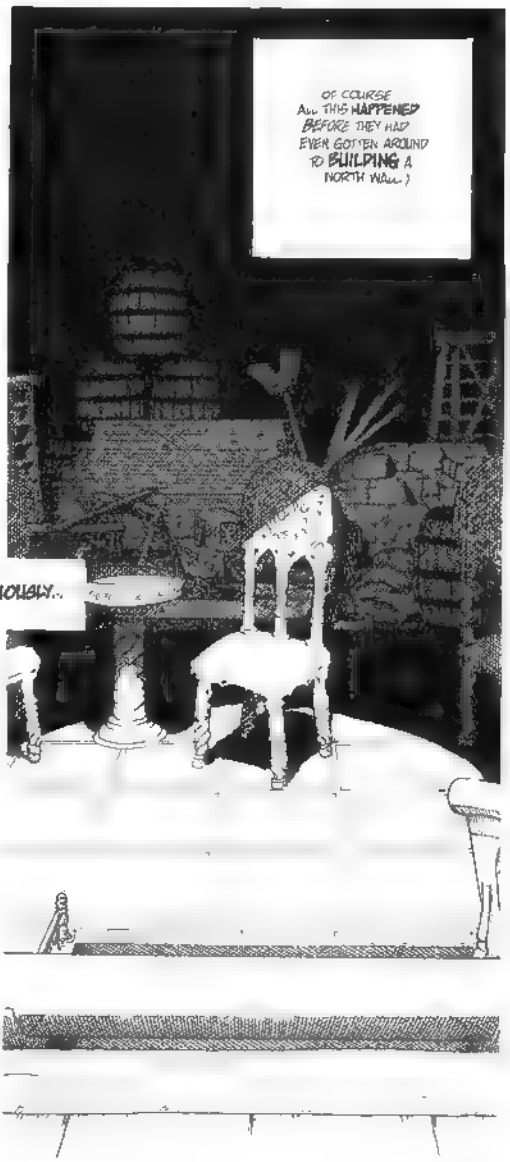
SO, AT FIRST, ALL CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS HOW MUCH CEREBUS WISHED RICK WAS STILL ALIVE...

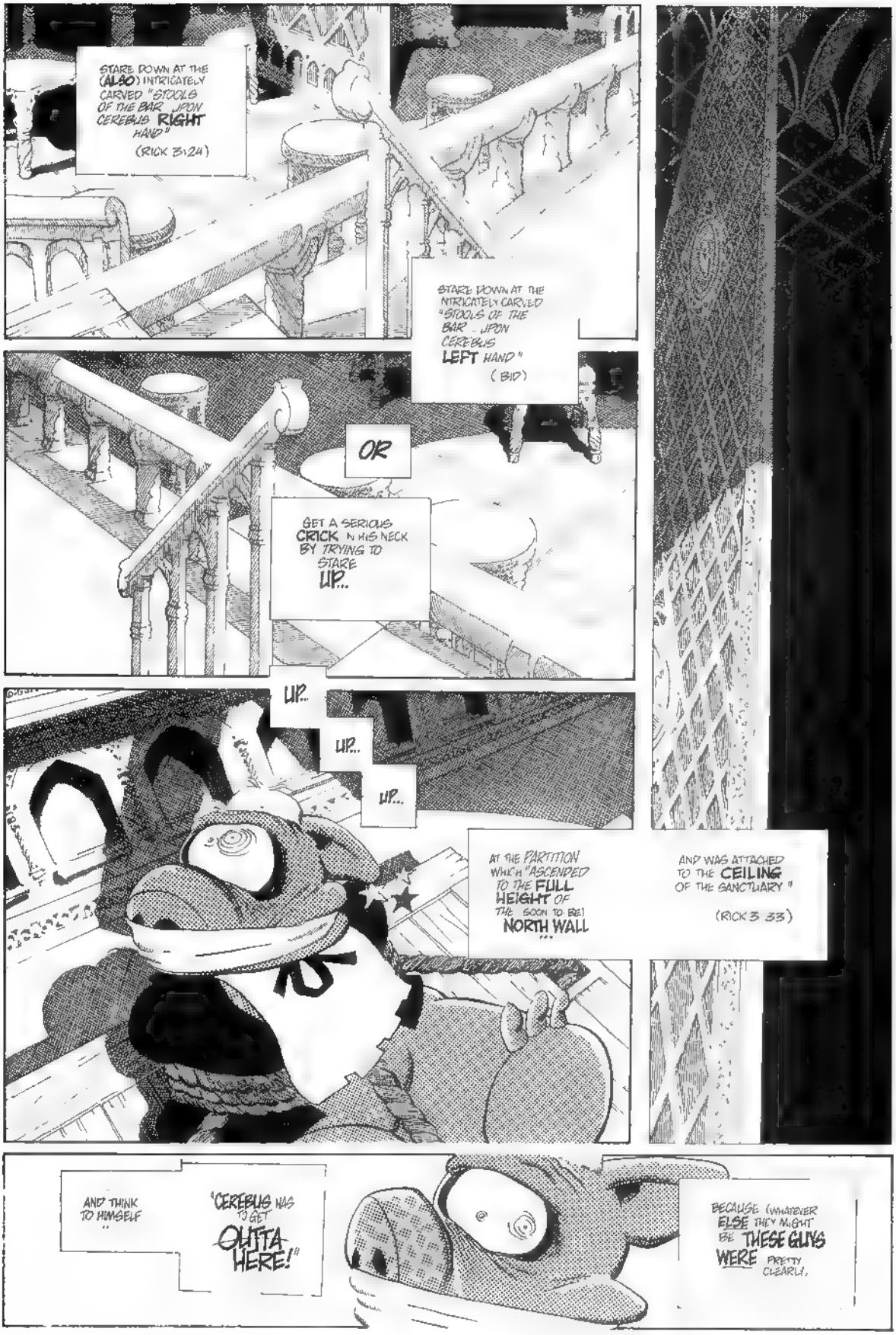
..SO CEREBUS COULD KILL HIM'

HEH HEH HEHEH I'M JOKIN' BUT SERIOUSLY..

..WHAT CEREBUS SAID JUST A MINUTE AGO? ABOUT THINKING THAT THE TAVERN WAS JUST A...UH...? OF COURSE THAT'S WRONG! THE SANCTUARY WAS (AND IS) ALWAYS THE SANCTUARY.

AND CEREBUS KNOWS THAT NOW, OF COURSE BECAUSE "CEREBUS IS OF THE SANCTUARY AND THE SANCTUARY IS OF CEREBUS" (RICK 3:2) BUT-- AT THE TIME ALL CEREBUS COULD DO WAS TO JUST STARE DOWN AT THE INTRICATELY CARVED "TABLES OF THE NORTH WALL" (RICK 3:26) AND "CHAIRS OF THE TABLES OF THE NORTH WALL" (RICK 3:30)




STARE DOWN AT THE (ALSO) INTRICATELY CARVED "STOOLS OF THE BAR ..UPON CEREBUS RIGHT HAND"
(RICK 3:24)
STARE DOWN AT THE INTRICATELY CARVED "STOOLS OF THE BAR ..UPON CEREBUS LEFT HAND"
(BID)
OR
GET A SERIOUS CRICK IN HIS NECK BY TRYING TO STARE UP...
UP..
UP..
UP...
AT THE PARTITION WHICH "ASCENDED TO THE FULL HEIGHT OF THE SOON TO BE NORTH WALL ..."
AND WAS ATTACHED TO THE CEILING OF THE SANCTUARY"
(RICK 3 33)
AND THINK TO HIMSELF ..
"CEREBUS HAS TO GET OUTTA HERE!"
BECAUSE (WHATEVER ELSE THEY MIGHT BE THESE GUYS WERE PRETTY CLEARLY.

HEY, MOSHE! I GOTTA QUESTION.

WHADJA DO HAIR?

DOTH THOU LIKE IT?
IT DIDST OCCURRETH UNTO MOSHER THAT A NEW "DO" MIGHT SOYVETH TO EXACERBATE THE GREAT CEREBUS' NATURAL SAYWAR FAIRY.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE?
IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FOUND A LITTLE WHITE BOWL!
TOYNED IT UPSIDE DOWN!
AN' CEREBUS FELL OUT!
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK
OW!

..continued from cover

Christianity and Judaism, Judaism would have been my choice, no contest. Of course, even as I *considered* that choice several years ago, it seemed to me that it *wasn't* possible without—seriously and dramatically—getting "above my place." *Converting* to Judaism seemed to me comparable to entering politics and changing my name to David Fitzgerald Kennedy or David Elliot Trudeau: You know, "Excuse me, God? I think you've made a *terrible mistake here.* I should have been born one of your *Covenant* People. Not some.. some...*goy!*" I content myself with the fact that at least as a mere goy, there's so little (relatively speaking) that I have to live up to.

Jesus? No, I don't have to live up to the exalted standard set by Jesus (thank God). Jesus was a Jew. Literally—since he was descended from Judah (the "'E' ticket" strain, too: Obed, Jesse, King David). I don't even have to live up to Saint Paul. Saul of Tarsus was a Jew, albeit a Roman citizen (a Jew with a goy passport, as it were). "Is Saul among the Prophets?" A subject you could debate for hours, as far as Israel's first king is concerned (my own best guess would be "no"). But, when it comes to Saul/Paul, the same question hardly excites a comparable level of interest. Apart from the miracle on the Road to Damascus, Paul seems to me to be a commentator of the conventional Greek sort (as opposed to a Prophet, I mean) with his good commentator days (*Epistle to the Romans, Epistle to the Hebrews*) and his bad commentator days (just about everything else) and what I see as a disturbing tendency (however divinely-inspired—and I *do* see the Hand of God very much in evidence here) to swerve across the median from devoutly following the *teachings* of Jesus and preaching Jesus' *message as Saul/Paul understood* those teachings and that message (which is, by no means, *necessarily* the actual teachings, the actual message) to *mistaking* himself *for* Jesus.

[Parenthetically, I find this to be a characteristic endemic to those Christian preachers who prefer preaching from Paul's—and the other apostles'—commentaries instead of from the Gospels themselves: a self-evidently ludicrous tendency from a Judaic perspective wherein there exists an unassailable separation between *Torah* (Scripture—the *Law* of Moses, the *Instruction* of Moses) and *commentaries/interpretations* of the *Torah* such as you would find in, say, the *Mishnah*, the Mishnayoth and/or Mishnaic writings, the rest of the *Talmud* or Alan Moore/Madonna/Roseanne Barr's much-beloved (you should pardon the expression: *feh!*) Kabbalah. Maimonides (nee Moses ben Maimon, 1135-1204) is a very highly regarded rabbi, a very highly regarded commentator, perhaps the most highly regarded rabbi and commentator of the last thousand years, but no one would mistake Maimonides for Moses or (even) Isaiah. A commentator, however highly regarded, is still *just* a commentator, not a Prophet.]

For me, the New Testament was very much a letdown after reading the Pentateuch, the Prophets, the Hagiographa and (even) the Apocrypha A few chapters into reading the *Gospel According to Matthew* for the first time, I admit to thinking, "Such a smart guy you are, Mr. Jesus. Always with the clever retort. Keep it up and somebody is going to give you *such a* smack." As a complete neophyte I did wonder what the *Book of Esther* and the *Book of Ruth* were doing in the Books of the *Prophets* until (not that long ago) I found the *actual* "running order" of the Prophets (in the, you know, *for real Torah*) and found out that *Esther* and *Ruth* had been "promoted" in the Christian Bible (obviously by some goy or other) above their place in the Hagiographa. "Isn't that *just like* the dirty goyim?" I remember thinking to myself when I found out

It seemed to me, on first reading, more a case of *Mature* Testament and *Immature* Testament. The latter consisting of four separate accounts of the same events which flatly contradict each other (especially the fourth one. Oy.) followed by the *Acts* and then (at least until you get to *John's Apocalypse*) pages and pages of mere *commentary*? *This*, you call *Scripture?*

Of course, having read and reread the *Gospels*, the *Acts*, the *Epistles* and—particularly—John's *Apocalypse* or *Revelation* (like *Ezekiel* or *Daniel* on steroids) and having worked to understand them in (what I see as) their own context, I definitely put them on an equal footing with the *Torah* and the *Koran*—in the same way that (albeit on a much, much lower "cartoon" plane) I put *Krazy Kat* on an equal footing with *Prince Valiant* and *Terry and the Pirates* even though it's...I mean...you know: Krazy! Especially if you try looking at the three of them right next to each other. Oy.

In fact, to *me*, one of the most irrefutable pieces of evidence that God exists and that He is omniscient and omnipotent is the undeniable, irrefutable success of Christianity based on four accounts that flatly contradict each other followed by pages and pages of commentary.

Now, *that's* a Miracle.

("Jew" was prompted by the controversy which attached itself to Johnny Hart's B.C. *strip for Easter Sunday this year---a strip which I did consider, personally, to be both puerile and anti-Semitic. Not so much "offensive," per se as "simple-minded" and "myopic": traits which seem endemic to those more.. emotion-based...strains of Christianity of which Mr Hart seems to be both an ardent practitioner and overenthusiastic proselyte. As with any other emotion-based misapprehension, the application of reason is the best means of refuting it. It seems to me that Pope John Paul II finding a variety of ways to ask forgiveness of the Jews for the centuries of oppression that they endured at the hands of Christians is an infinitely more fruitful avenue to pursue in the 21st century. Not that I think that the Jews* should *forgive the Christians. Far from it. But I do think that Christians should beg forgiveness of the Jews at every ecumenical opportunity.)*

correspondence

AARDVARK COMMENT

Jonathan M Freeman
14 Yarmouth Rd.
Toronto, ON
M6G 1W6

Dear Mr. Sim:

I am reading my way through Tangents at the moment. The issues you raise are enormous and will need careful consideration. I appreciate the bravery it takes to express ideas that fly in the face of many of the tenets of the society in which you live, and I appreciate the challenge you offer to what may be some knee-jerk reactions in my own worldview.

I would, at this time, like to specifically address the issues of gay pride and visibility.

The impetus behind gay pride (e.g., "Gay and proud, say it loud!") is not necessarily some perverse desire to take what is behind closed doors and bring it into the marketplace. For much of this century (I won't speak to the past of which my knowledge is alternately somewhat informed and uninformed) gays and lesbians retained an absolute secrecy regarding both their sexual relationships and emotional attachments.

Despite efforts that verged on the obsessive and paranoic to maintain this secrecy, they would, from time to time, be found out. The results of this discovery included ostracization from community and family, loss of employment, loss of housing, loss of custody of children, as well as assault and murder.

Often the attacks on these citizens' rights were legal and, when illegal, were not prosecuted. Authorities, in fact, sought out homosexuals in private (homes, private clubs and public bars which were patronized exclusively by gays) and arrested or assaulted them, despite the fact that the activities they were engaged in were not in view by the public at large.

In the last few years, judges have continued to dismiss murder charges against men whose defense was "he came on to me". Lawyers would probably advise against such a defense if the murder victim were a woman. Recently, a Florida judge gave custody of children to their convicted murderer father to keep them out of the "unfit" hands of their lesbian mother. I will admit, in this case, knowing nothing of the characters of either parent and am cognizant of the possibility that I may be hearing a one-sided retelling of this news.

Prior to the 1990s (a somewhat arbitrary but, I suspect accurate date), most people in North America could honestly say they didn't know a lesbian or gay person. Thus, those gay people getting killed or unfairly fired and evicted could easily have been any kind of monster to the average reader of a news story. The gay movement's strategy (there is, by the way, no monolithic, centrally controlled gay movement) of encouraging visibility is an attempt to counter this. Everyone does know gay people and are invited to make the connections between the fates of strangers and that of their brother, mother, sister, cousin, colleague.

Gay visibility / gay pride is also a statement of "we're not going to shut up while we're being beaten on." Why "pride?" Does this imply that being gay is a special accomplishment, or an accomplishment at all? No, it's a denunciation of shame.

My own approach to living as a gay man is to create the world I wish to live in through my own actions. I neither cower nor strut. For instance, my colleagues know that my life partner is a man because he comes to the Christmas party and I speak of him in the course of speaking about my life. I expect them to treat me with appropriate respect, as members of the same society, and don't assume either their avowal of my bravery or their approbrium.

I am just beginning Tangents 3 and I wonder only how you know that, "No one wants to be a woman." Just repeating it three times doesn't make it any more true than repeating, "A Woman's right to choose." And how do you know how women read *Peanuts*? Your assumption seems entirely silly to me and I have no more evidence for it than for my own assumption that there is no specific gender-base reading of *Peanuts*.

Yours in civilized discourse,
Jonathan M. Freeman,
Cerebus reader since issue 27
jonathan@cybercorp.net

P.S. Yes, you may publish my address. I hope this

faxes properly. Sometimes computer faxing is incompatible with some fax machines.

Well, thanks for your letter—and for giving me permission to print your name and address with it. I appreciate YOUR bravery (even as I hope that we have advanced far enough as a civilization—at least here in the "hollowed halls" of Aardvark Comment—that there is little or no actual bravery required in doing so).

Remember the episode of Seinfeld *where a reporter interviewing Jerry gets the mistaken impression that he and George are a gay couple—and the tag line "Not that there's anything wrong with that" used throughout the show? I think the point that the feminist-homosexualist axis (and no, I don't mean to imply that there is any kind of monolithic conspiracy involved: just a number of shared misapprehensions that are proliferating unchecked in our society because of the feminist-homosexualist hegemony, commonly referred to as "political correctness") misses is that—while even the most liberal-minded, most civilized men agree that there is nothing wrong with anyone being gay or* believing himself *to be gay from birth or* believing himself *to have chosen to be gay—there IS something wrong (in the mind of even the most liberal-minded men) with one being perceived to be gay when one is not gay. Even the most liberal-minded heterosexual man is not going to want to be mistaken for gay, even as he accepts that gay men are citizens fully entitled to equal rights under the laws of the land.*

In my view and in the view of most—if not all—heterosexual men maintaining that demarcation isn't wrong (or even "wrong").

Just as you are—or should be—free to believe yourself to be irretrievably *gay, gay* from birth *or gay by* choice, *so I must be free to believe myself to be a heterosexual, heterosexual from birth or heterosexual by choice. And—in a civilized society—I must be free to do so without being subjected to the insinuation (implicit or explicit) that my situation is other than what I believe it to be. Just as most homosexuals find inherently offensive the view that homosexuality is an aberrant psychological condition which can be cured (and there does exist—as I am sure you are aware— a body of evidence which indicates that that is the case) it seems only civilized that—in conversation or by other communication—if you indicate that YOUR homosexuality is not an aberrant psychological condition and that you could not, under any circumstance, be anything other than what you are...it seems only civilized to take you at your word. One of the areas (it seems to me) where the feminist-homosexualist axis continues to offend (no doubt because of the novelty of their newly-won hegemony in academe, the media, et al) is in not extending the same courtesy to heterosexual men. Too easily, too quickly and for too little do feminists (and homosexualists) use the accusation of latent homosexuality as a weapon against men who should (in a civilized world) be taken at their word when they assert that they are irretrievably, inescapably heterosexual. The net effect upon society in feminists and homosexualists not extending that same courtesy to heterosexual men (as I believe we are seeing now) is to drive heterosexual men away from most social environments.*

The frequently heard lament of the single female heterosexual feminist: Where have all the REAL *men gone? can be answered directly by the circumstance (which begs the question itself): if you insist on engineering a society where heterosexual men are made excruciatingly aware that they are unwelcome, are considered second-rate, are considered not "with it" or insufficiently* au courant *and are, at every turn, apt to be faced with an accusation of being latent or repressed homosexuals then you cannot be surprised when the society you frequent has gone a little... "squishy"?...both socially and (ahem) in the sack. Obviously a "real man" isn't going to stick around for treatment like that which leaves you, ladies and "ladies," with exactly what you are left with: squishy, needy, pliant males, just as it "makes no nevermind" to your homosexualist allies that that is the case. They're scarcely going to anguish over (or, for that matter, even* perceive*) that there is any kind of "shortage" of genuine, irretrievably, inescapably heterosexual REAL men at their next corn roast or fish fry (or whatever).*

Sorry for the digression, Jonathan. Back to homosexuality:

I can't think of any occasion when I was rude to any of the gays that I have met in the comic-book field (and there have been a number—gay and bisexual and, although irrelevant to the present discussion, lesbians). Of course none of them ever "came onto" me or that might not have been the case. How rude might I have been? Under the circumstances, I can only address the propositioning of a heterosexual by a homosexual as an abstraction:

I think the point missed by the feminist-homosexualist axis is that it is very easy to go from benefiting from the masculine code of personal honour (it is dishonourable to hit a woman, it is dishonourable to hit anyone smaller or weaker than you are) to shamelessly exploiting that same code of personal honour by knowingly insulting a heterosexual man (I think you're gay/I think you're a latent homosexual) just because you know that you can "get away with it". These things do have a way of "catching up with you," of course. You can insult just so many heterosexual men, relying on their personal honour to not give you a smack in the mouth, before you will run afoul of a heterosexual man whose personal code of honour does not extend to homosexuals or being accused of being one. But I think it worth noting that it is ONLY the personal code of honour that would keep a heterosexual man from smacking you in the mouth if you called him gay, just as it is ONLY the personal code of honour that would keep him from smacking a woman in the mouth if she called him gay. And since the masculine personal code of honour is as necessary to our civilization (arguably it IS our civilisation: or what's left of it) as it is delicately balanced within our civilization (just picture those gangs of young men who ran amok in Central Park after that parade a couple of years back, stripping and man-handling all the girls they could find—that's pure masculinity shorn of masculine personal honour), I would think that a vastly

greater amount of care would be taken by those (feminists and homosexualists) who are most apt to suffer the greatest ill effects if the walls of the masculine personal code of honour—in toto—should come, suddenly and dramatically, "a-tumbling down".

To use your own example, I find nothing wrong with bringing your boyfriend to your company Christmas party. I quite agree that your colleagues should treat you—and him—with the natural respect that is due to all human beings.

However, if one or both of you had too much to drink and started hitting on your male colleagues or the husbands and boyfriends of your female colleagues, trying to talk them into a "threesome," suggesting to them that they are secretly bisexual or that everyone is naturally bisexual, then I think you have entered the realm of a different and most ill-favoured argument—attempting to defend vulgarity and attempting to defend some mythological "right" to intentionally and willfully insult another person's self-perception and to deem that to be appropriate behaviour. It is only in recent months that the feminist-homosexualist axis has begun to admit the fallibility of its collective and individual "gay-dar"—its mythological "ability" to "sense" homosexuality, latent homosexuality and repressed homosexuality in others where it does not, in any sense, exist. That fallibility of "gay-dar" being the case, I think it only sensible—and common courtesy—for gays to err WELL on the side of caution when it comes to "hitting on" anyone.

I mean, it's not as if you don't "find" each other, is it? You have always existed and you have always managed to find like-minded individuals in far more adverse conditions than those which exist today. If opening or patronizing a gay bar in Smallville, Iowa is an altogether riskier proposition than it is in Sodom-by-the-Sea (more commonly known as San Francisco) or any other large or medium or even modest-sized city, I think "field trips" (as it were) to your nearest Sodom-by-the-Sea make more civilisational sense than trying to "raise the consciousness" of the good citizens of Smallville to accommodate your self-perception of your own peculiar and (Smallville-wise, at the very least) societally-unacceptable lusts. I think any further "progress"—i.e. endeavouring to establish some misguided gay "right" to "hit on" heterosexuals without fear of repercussion—constitutes encroachment on the rights of others: heterosexual others who are the indisputable societal majority.

Likewise with the Gay Pride Parade argument. The recent example of a gay couple who were being harassed by a neighbour in an upscale Montreal suburb comes to mind. They chose to organize a Gay Pride Parade in that neighbourhood. I'm not sure that I agree with—or even understand—the progression of logic that leads from one to the other, but, okay, let's give the project the benefit of the doubt. The "offendees" were interviewed by the National Post *whose reporter wanted to know if the "paraders" would be "in costume." One of the "offendees" admitted, yes, there would be transvestites—drag queens—involved. When asked how this might go over with the suburbanites—and those suburbanites' children—in whose neighbourhood the parade was going to take place, the "offendee" said "the kids will just think of them as clowns."*

Well, there I have to part company. To assert that a drag queen is the same thing as a clown is to seriously underestimate the prevailing societal view on the subject—and particularly the prevailing parental societal view. The assertion of a societal right to be treated as a human being is one thing. The assertion of a societal "right" to have all public expressions, behaviours and demonstrations accepted on one's own terms no matter what is being expressed, acted-out or demonstrated is another kettle of fish entirely.

That is what I and (I suspect) most—if not all— heterosexual men have as our greatest problem with the feminist/homosexualist axis and which was one of the larger points I was making in "Tangent": It is one thing to expect and achieve the tolerance to which everyone in our society is entitled. The neighbour who was making things uncomfortable for the gay couple was, apparently, driving golf balls at them. Well, obviously, you can't have a civilization where anyone is at liberty to drive golf balls at anyone else—for whatever "reason". However, I fail to see how some two-hundred pound gay man dressed in chiffon and pretending he's Judy Garland parading past the guy's house serves any good purpose in helping to restore the link with civilised discourse which has gone missing from the equation.

If the parade takes place and it consists of gays and lesbians who wish to make and/or reinforce the point that they are people just like everyone else and if the parade reflects that (that is, everyone "parading" looks and dresses in a way which does not dramatically differentiate them from the suburban neighbours they are trying to win over to the side of the harassed neighbourhood gay couple), then I can certainly see the validity and I would anticipate a good chance of success. If, on the other hand, the parade welcomes people with an "in your face" attitude, who are dressed or who are acting provocatively or lasciviously, relative to the context of the environment in which the parade is taking place...

...well, I think it disingenuous in the extreme on the part of the organizers and/or participants to pretend to be "hurt and offended" if the parade accomplishes nothing more than the escalation of anti-gay sentiment in that neighbourhood—even as I am sure that that they will, indeed, pretend to be "hurt and offended".

In fact Sarcastic Girl (not her real name, I suspect) sent me a news item about the latest Gay Pride parade and how it had set back the cause of gay rights by an estimated fifty years: so offensive were the actions and the attire of the more extreme participants in the view of the members of the community in which the parade took place. The community in question was in Los Angeles. If you are offending people in Los Angeles, I think we can agree, you have sincerely crossed over into some Twilight Zone which is worlds removed from winning acceptance that you are just like everyone else. A spokesperson for the Parade has threatened even more extreme behaviour in next year's parade.

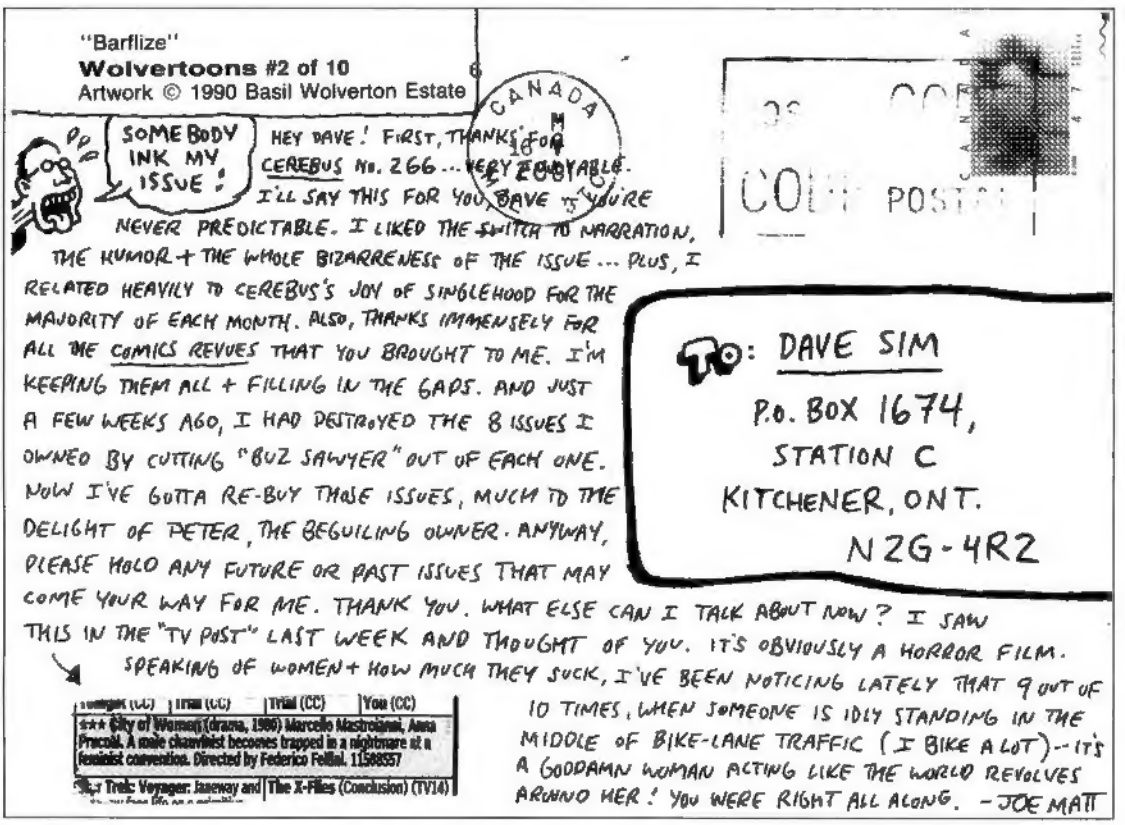
I think that gays have to understand that there is a clear division between the public celebration of aberrant

sexual practices (sadomasochism, leather fetishism, et al) and the goal of winning acceptance of gay individuals as human beings within society. Championing the one undermines the other. People who are overtly and demonstratively...in-your-face...sexual beings are just not accepted in our society: whether that person is an overt slut, a lounge lizard, a leather boy, a proud pornography collector or a drag queen. People who keep those traits concealed, exhibit those traits only behind closed doors or who limit the exhibition of those traits to the company of like-minded devotees are more readily welcomed into society. Yes, a certain amount of portrayal is called for, but that's just the way that society is. You have to make a choice. If you are not willing to portray yourself as someone that you are not then you have already (as far as I can see) made your choice relative to society.

In my own case, at a specific point—having tired of the strain of maintaining the portrayal—I decided I would no longer portray myself as a feminist. I would assume that I am no longer welcome in society. I assume that if I decided at some point that I WAS willing to portray myself as a feminist that I would be welcomed back into society. Of course, I don't think there IS such a thing as society—per se—anymore. I think the feminist-homosexualist hegemony has led to a "society" which has much in common with the TV show Survivor. That is, "society" is made up of those who have not—as yet—been "voted off the island". Rather like feminist friendships. You know who is "in" only by determining who is "out" and working backwards from there. I think, by now, virtually everyone (who is not a feminist or a homosexualist) has been voted "off the island" (I know I have) and the island now consists of feminists and homosexualists who are so stressed from trying to maintain the right way of thinking and the right way of doing things and the right things to say—without even a standardized rule book to go by (no wonder there's so little drinking that goes on at social gatherings anymore—who could take the chance of actually relaxing enough to let slip a "politically incorrect word" and so risk being "voted off the island" even before the hangover kicked in?) that their situation is scarcely enviable. Pitiable is more like it. Walking on eggshells for a living. Waiting for the other shoe to drop.

"I neither cower nor strut." Well, that seems very sensible and very civilized to me, Jonathan. In fact, I would consider it comparable to my attitude towards the feminist-homosexualist axis: "I neither cower nor strut." I think it sums up the situation necessary for the continuation of, as you so aptly put it, civilized discourse. You (at the moment) from within society and me (at the moment) from outside society.

Thanks for supporting Cerebus all these years with your comics-buying dollars. Very much appreciated.


"Barflize"
Wolvertoons #2 of 10
Artwork © 1990 Basil Wolverton Estate
SOMEBODY INK MY ISSUE!
HEY DAVE! FIRST, THANKS FOR CEREBUS No. 266... VERY ENJOYABLE. I'LL SAY THIS FOR YOU, DAVE — YOU'RE NEVER PREDICTABLE. I LIKED THE SWITCH TO NARRATION, THE HUMOR + THE WHOLE BIZARRENESS OF THE ISSUE... PLUS, I RELATED HEAVILY TO CEREBUS'S JOY OF SINGLEHOOD FOR THE MAJORITY OF EACH MONTH. ALSO, THANKS IMMENSELY FOR ALL THE COMICS REVUES THAT YOU BROUGHT TO ME. I'M KEEPING THEM ALL + FILLING IN THE GAPS. AND JUST A FEW WEEKS AGO, I HAD DESTROYED THE 8 ISSUES I OWNED BY CUTTING "BUZ SAWYER" OUT OF EACH ONE. NOW I'VE GOTTA RE-BUY THOSE ISSUES, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF PETER, THE BEGUILING OWNER. ANYWAY, PLEASE HOLD ANY FUTURE OR PAST ISSUES THAT MAY COME YOUR WAY FOR ME. THANK YOU. WHAT ELSE CAN I TALK ABOUT NOW? I SAW THIS IN THE "TV POST" LAST WEEK AND THOUGHT OF YOU. IT'S OBVIOUSLY A HORROR FILM.
CANADA
TO: DAVE SIM
P.O. BOX 1674,
STATION C
KITCHENER, ONT.
N2G-4R2
SPEAKING OF WOMEN + HOW MUCH THEY SUCK, I'VE BEEN NOTICING LATELY THAT 9 OUT OF 10 TIMES, WHEN SOMEONE IS IDLY STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF BIKE-LANE TRAFFIC (I BIKE A LOT)--IT'S A GODDAMN WOMAN ACTING LIKE THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND HER! YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG. -JOE MATT
Tonight (CC) | Trial (CC) | Trial (CC) | You (CC)
★★★ City of Women (drama, 1980) Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Prucnal. A male chauvinist becomes trapped in a nightmare at a feminist convention. Directed by Federico Fellini. 11588357
Trek: Voyager: Janeway and | The X-Files (Conclusion) (TV14)

HEY, LOOK! I'M HAND-LETTERING MY ANSWER JUST LIKE A **REAL** CANADIAN COMIC-BOOK ARTIST. PUBLISHED BY DRAWN AND QUARTERLY! (KNUCK KNUCK KNUK) ORDER LOTS OF **PEEPSHOW** SO JOE CAN KEEP WHACKING OFF ALL DAY AND NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIS RENT! SEND HIM MONEY AND FREE STUFF AT 23 ALBANY AVE. ***TORONTO***, ONTARIO M5R 3C2! GET NOTHING IN RETURN! HEY! YOU WANNA BUY THE CHESS COMPUTER HIS DAD GAVE HIM FOR CHRISTMAS LAST YEAR? SERIOUSLY! MAKE HIM AN OFFER! OH, AND JOE WAS JUST KIDDING WITH THAT LAST COMMENT! HE LOVES WOMEN! SEND HIM A PHOTO OF YOURSELF! HE'LL GIVE YOU A CALL (COLLECT) WHEN HE GETS BACK FROM RETURNING THE VIDEOS...JOE HATES THOSE LATE CHARGES !!!

$2.25USA•$3.50CANADA•£1.50UK